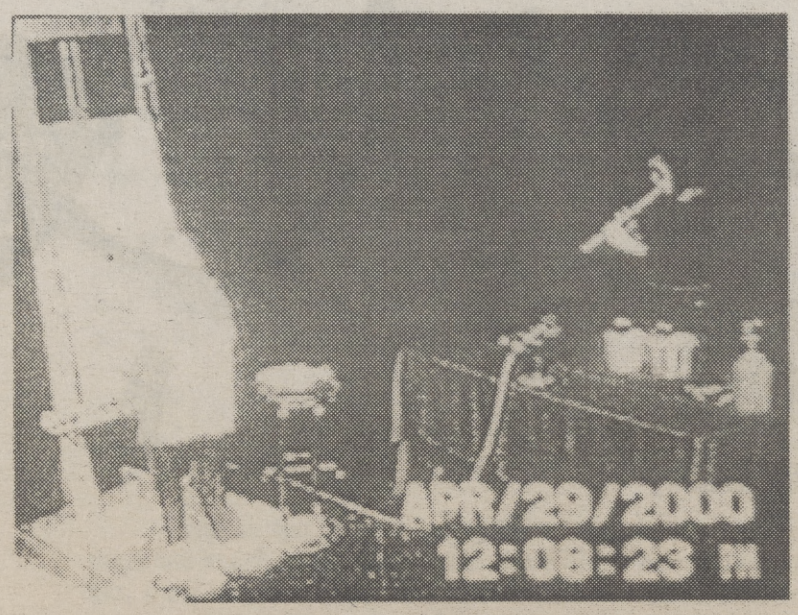
Nov. Dec 2000

fibrillation
2 a: muscular twitching
involving individual muscle fibers
acting without coordination
nov/dec 2000 edition

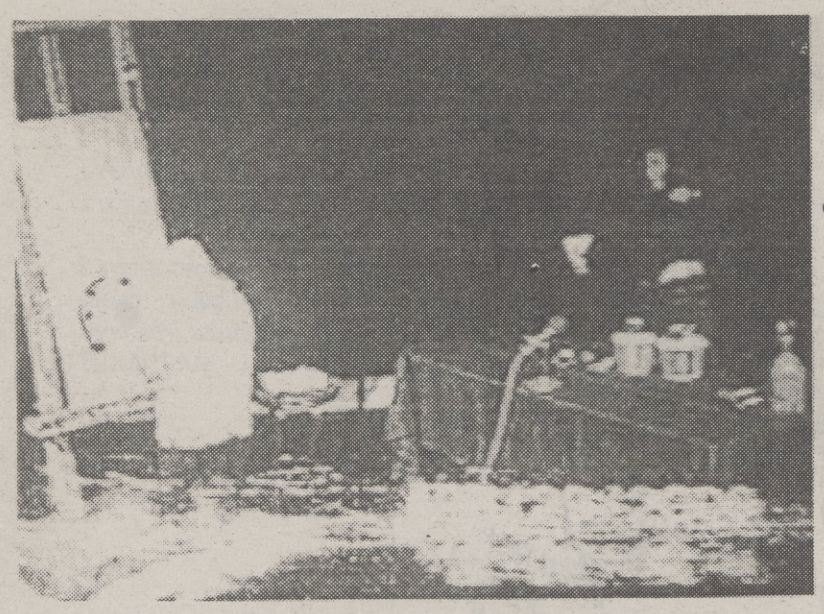
Translations of Intuition

by Jason Rogalski



Music Translated to Drawing
Blind woman drawing from deaf woman's intuitive music.

Drawing Translated to Music
Deaf woman playing music from blind woman's intuitive drawing.



Cycle
Blind woman translating deaf woman's music into drawing…as deaf woman simultaneously translates the blind woman's drawing into music.

This piece happened in the San Francisco Art Institute Lecture Hall on April 30, 2000. Jenifer Ransom was the musician and Josée André did the drawings.

Wake Up Dead Man:
Black convict work songs from Texas prisons

Rounder Records 1994

The SF public library has a big selection of CDs. You are allowed to check out up to 4 and keep them for a week. **Wake Up Dead Man** was my favorite selection of late. It is a collection of field recordings of work songs made in Texas prisons during the 60's. The CD booklet describes the work song as being "not a song about work or a song one happens to sing while work goes on; it is a song that helps a person do work." Lyrics of the songs are address such things as the guards, the intolerable heat of summer in Texas, having your girl stolen by another man while you ate stuck in prison and the longing for family and freedom. In the late 60's machinery replaced inmate labor in most outside jobs. This change along with desegregation of prisons, which brought rhythm-less whites in the same work group as blacks, put a unique cultural phenomenon. The songs are powerful and a testament to unity and strength under oppressive conditions. 3 stars.
Call #: 782.42 WAK
Oliver Pappas

Sara Hanley

amanda marchand

photo album

I am tulips in that picture garden. I have a brother and a sister. There is only breath. She breathes in out (I) breathe in out. I have a life that is about to begin. Everything I say is a lie. Everything she says is a lie.

blue vein

I pinch the baby till he cries. Feel a thrill. I tell him *I don't love you*. Feel a thrill. Once I tasted persimmon. Sucked mouth dry. It was eating me. (It was eating her.) She wants ground under her feet. She dances with his skin. He says his name is Angelo. She wants ground underfoot. She was eating her. It was delicious. She felt a thrill.

Everything she says is a lie.

I walk on stilts

run as fast (try to), swim faster, ride laundry lines over backyards, fall for a married man, plant ten hundred thousand trees, love black-licorice bubblegum, pout, live only on islands, betray her, for a long time the land vanished then it started resurfacing, it has a strong and violent will

I am two lips believe in god an atheist never swear run away when mother says *fuck* police come today is the first day I do not cry as if my insides were falling out

she does not cry
her kisses taste
his scent on my hand
need to be drunk every night flirting
I am not prolific

I have a brother and a sister, a mother and a father.

water laps at the clay bank, wincing, easy ground luckily, she makes a puppet of him cuts out the heart, chokes on an ice cube - mother on the toilet beats it out, eats the spine of books, runs up Prince Albert with fire crackers down her dress, traces inside the lines, steals flowers from gardens for Mme. Elbaz, moves to Long Island, moves to Vancouver, to Nassau, moves back to Montreal, back to California, buys tangerine juice, kisses him in the boathouse after talk of god, in Fez there are donkeys, everything is a lie, when I grow up I will never:

1. die my hair
2. wear black
3. wear high-heeled shoes

She dreams. There is only breath.

I recite, *I was born in Northumberland.*
I repeat, *I will remember this for the rest of my life*.

I swim two laps. I am alone at night. I take lovers at night. I have trouble keeping the kitchen clean. I am fastidious. I learn to dance at *The Zoo*. I run circles around the cay. I have new plastic over my windows. I confess all in writing. Petals drop off my skin because it is already fall. I never fall in love. I am in love with everyone.

[redacted]

Oct 5th :

I've been using the color black and relying upon it as a savior to the discrepancies between the technicolors I've been making, (not so much coherence to my desire) but I'm caught up to take the viewers to the surface of the canvas (panel) using color, form, and composition to allure the eye to the piece wch is the object — a painting is an object once a material is used.

{illegible}

"Until th
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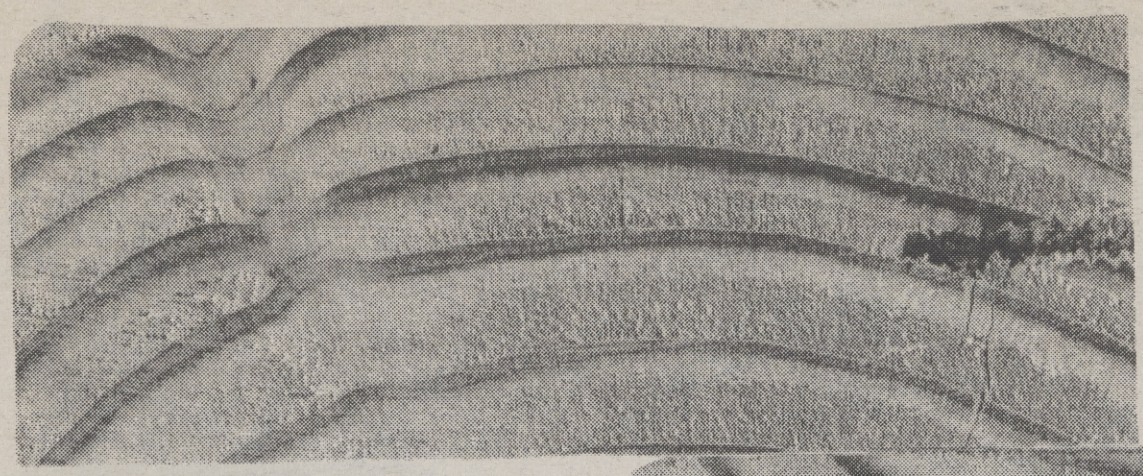
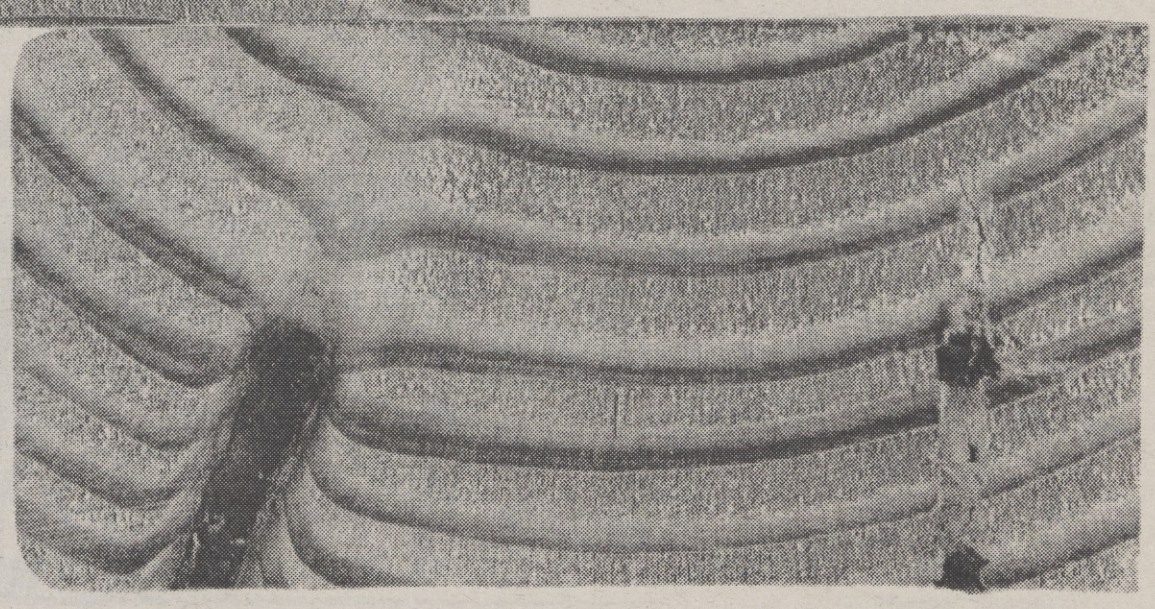
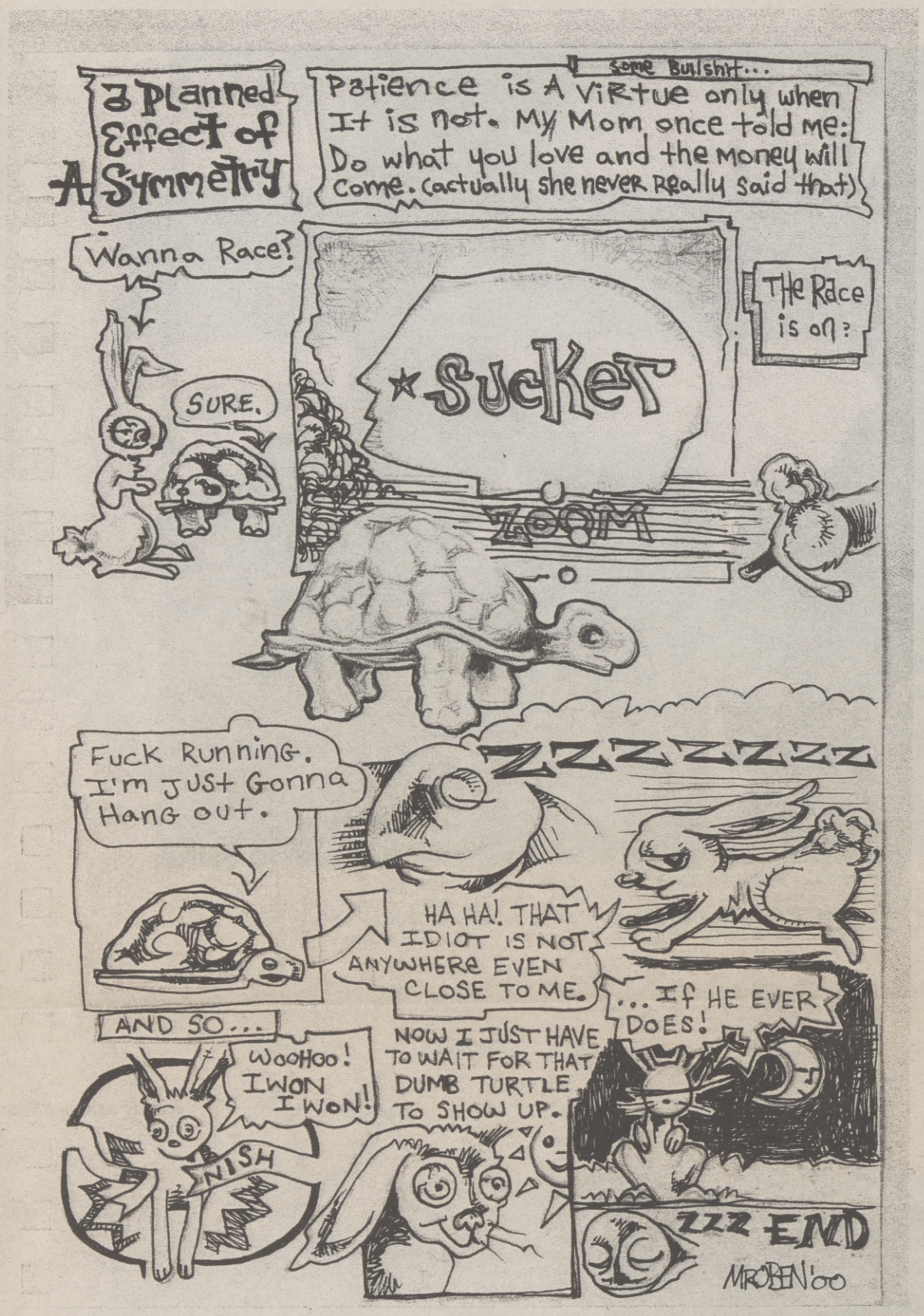
Friday

Love you. Hate you. Want to Kill you. Love you. Hate you. Want to KILL you. Love you. Hate you. Want to kill ~~you.~~ Love you. Hate YOU. WANT tokill you. cry. Love you. Hate you. Want you. Love you. Hate you. Want to kill you. still... ~~Love you.~~

Jeremy Arlo Simmons



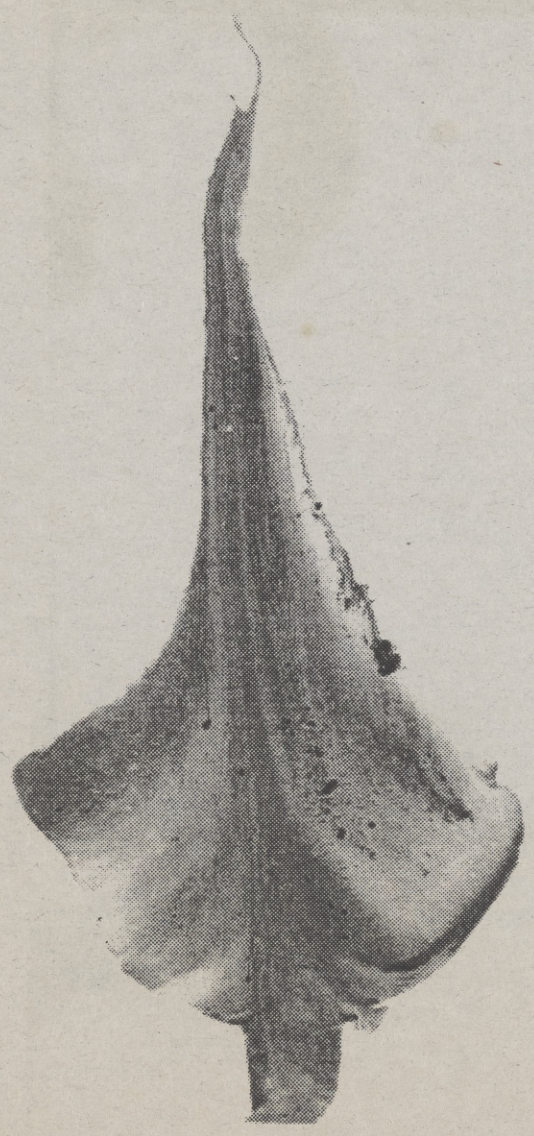



3 Planned Effect of A Symmetry
some Bullshit...
Patience is A virtue only when It is not. My Mom once told me: Do what you love and the money will come. (actually she never really said that)
Wanna Race?
SURE.
*Sucker
ZOOM
The Race is on?
Fuck Running. I'm just Gonna Hang out.
ZZZZZZZ
HA HA! THAT IDIOT IS NOT ANYWHERE EVEN CLOSE TO ME.
...If HE EVER DOES!
AND SO...
WooHoo! I WON I WON!
NISH
NOW I JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR THAT DUMB TURTLE TO SHOW UP.
ZZZ END
MROBEN'00

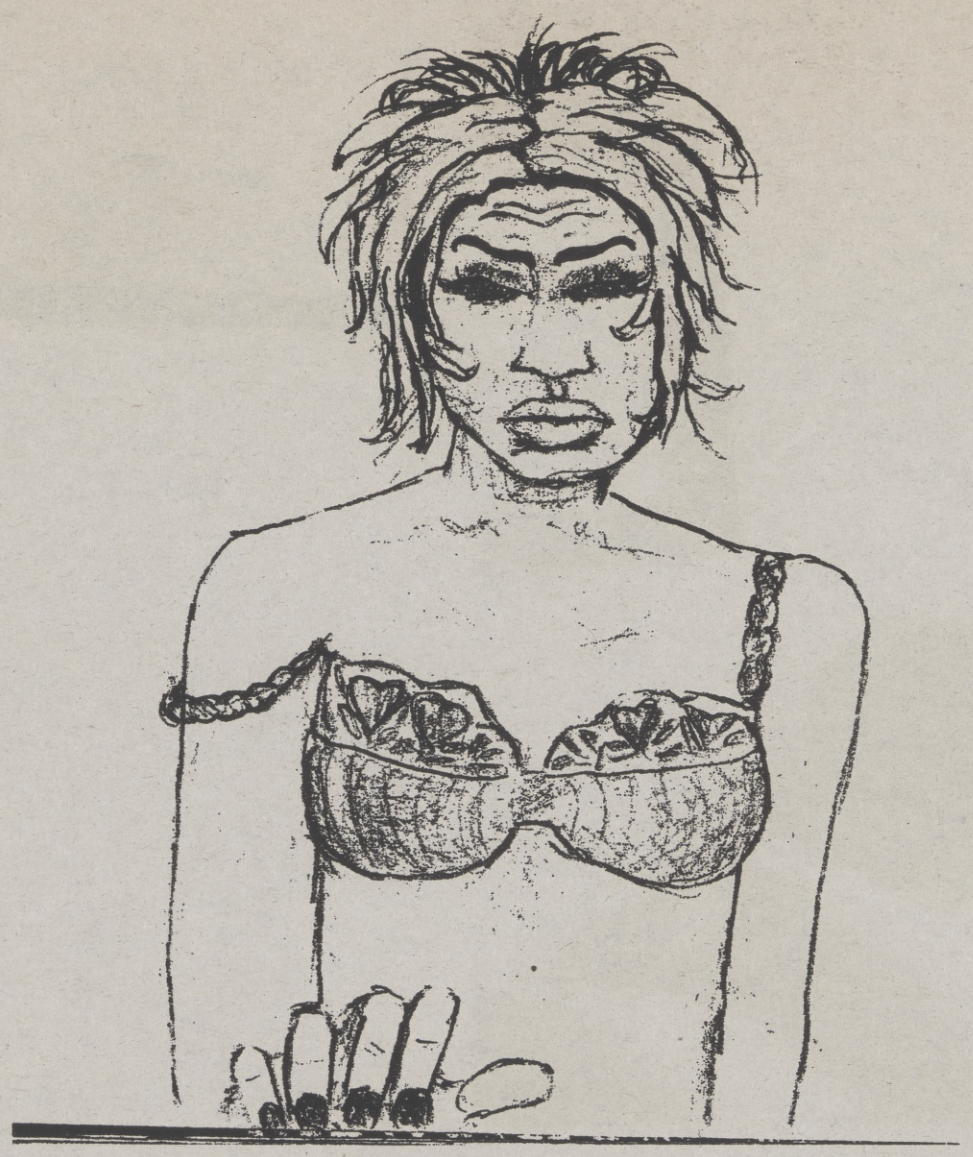
I want to thank the contributing artists for their participation in this pilot issue of *fibrillation*. For those who would be interested in submitting their work for the next issue, please bring all xeroxable forms of visual and/or written work to Dan Spencer in Student Services by Dec. 15 (before you all depart campus, please). This will enable the next edition to be worked on over winter break. *fibrillation* is looking for more staff members. If you have some time over break or once the spring semester begins, your input and time would be greatly appreciated in putting the next issue together. Feel free to contact Dan or myself if you are interested.

'Til next time,
Andrea D. Guerra

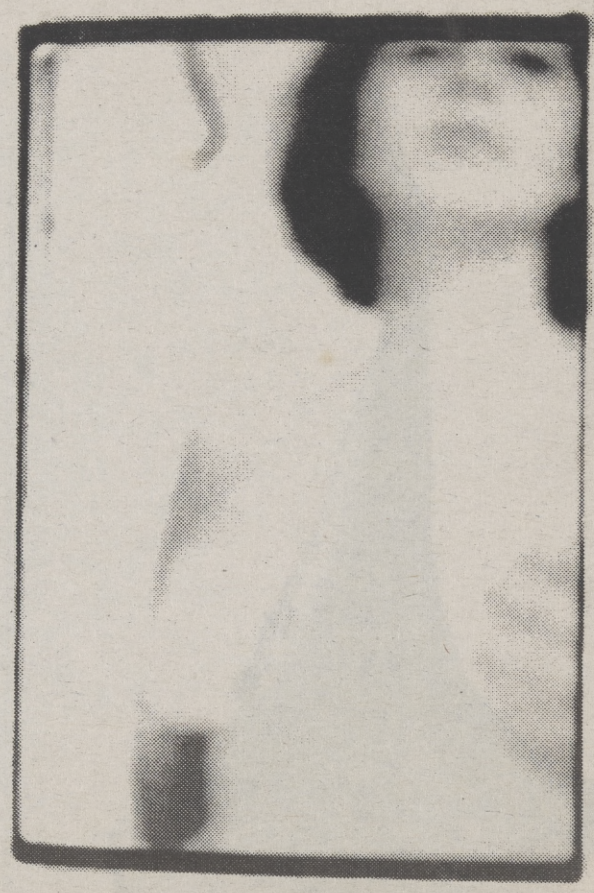
Andrea D. Guerra

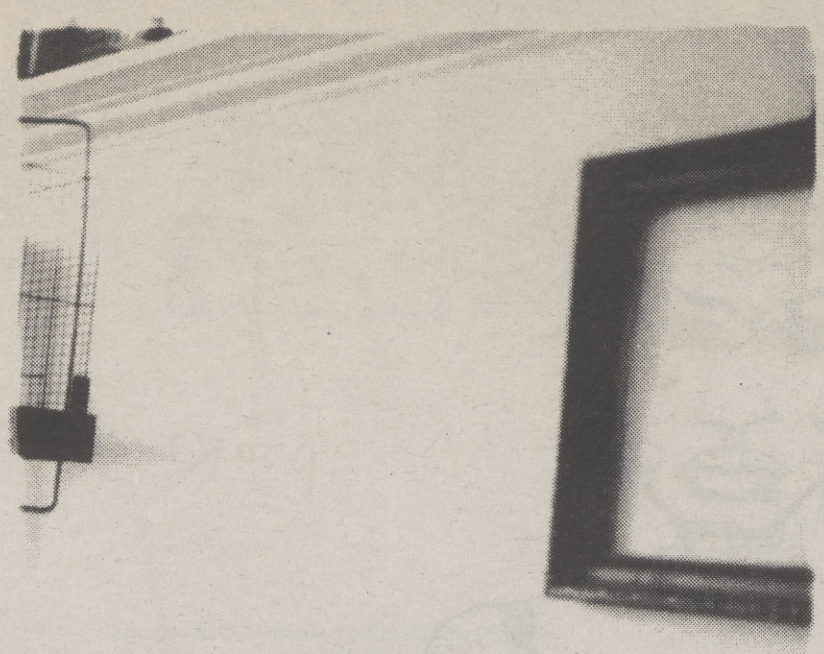


Rokko



Heather Howard





Meghan Carozza